

PICK UP

the rivers the dogs don't swim across
we enter.

the women other men don't need
we live with.

the horse that wears the bandages
we bet.

sit me at a bar with 3 women:
one, faintly obnoxious;
one, generally stupid;
and the third,
a killer.

the killer will leave her stool
and come sit by me.

the gods always make sure.
the gods watch me
and fix me up
real good.

"hi, honey," she asks, "how ya
doin'?"

"what're ya drinkin'?" I ask.

she states her drink
I order her drink and
mine.

outside, it's better: cars are
crashing together; future suicides
whistle through their teeth while
walking west or east or south or
the other way.

"whatcha got on your mind?" she
asks.

"I hope the Rams lose," I tell
her,
drink it down, go to the
men's room, come
out, go out the rear
entrance.

there's an alley.
I walk west
whistling through my
teeth.